

MiKayla Marazzi

Coping



Crunch fingers
Rip keratin from nail bed
Chew to round edges
into perfect half-moon circles
Taste salience of rose polish
painted to prevent this—

Brain emptied,
absent of nothing
but the drip, drip, drip
Of gone, gone, gone.
Eyes hallowed
like laser beams
searing two holes
into the adjacent wall.
Head stilled
as straight as a milk carton
flattened by a semi-truck
skidding across a state road.

It was not his fault
that the road was a skating rink
but I hate him
every day
for what he stole.

“I have been robbed”
yells an itchy voice
reverberating off the wooden planks
of my bunk bed ceiling.
I do not recognize the voice;
it sounds removed, unfamiliar.
But I claim it as my own
when I realize
I am alone in this room.

The solution is
to slide eyelids
like garage doors
to conceal sight. And
allow consciousness
to absorb into
an argyle pillow case. And
hope everything will be different
in the morning.

See the attempt
to unfeel needles
jabbed into the chest.
To unstitch fabric
covering bruised hipbones.
To unwind time
dancing agony
around the clock.

Only to wake up
and re-feel
and re-stitch
and rewind
all over again.

Watch how something
folds into nothing and
unfurls into something
all over again.